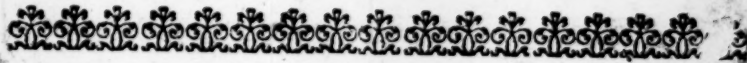


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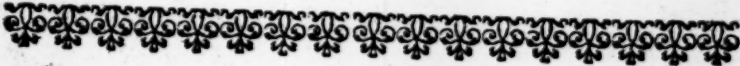


A

Chiding LETTER

T O

S. P. Y. B.



[ Price Six-pence. ]

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th  
A

A  
CHIDING LETTER  
TO  
S. P. Y. B.  
IN  
D E F E N C E  
OF  
EPISTOLA OBJURGATORIA.

---

— 'Tis known He could speak Greek,  
As naturally as Pigs squeak :  
That Latin was no more difficile,  
Than to a Blackbird 'tis to Whistle.

HUDIBRAS.

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L O N D O N :

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ENDING LETTER



A

## Chiding Letter, &c.

S I R,



OW durst you write that  
LETTER of the 23d of  
*March*? Was it for one of  
your mean Abilities to en-  
ter the Lists with a Man, not only of  
fine Parts and elevated Genius, but  
a *Wit* of the first Magnitude? Is  
he, think you, Sir, to be called to  
Account by every Blockhead that can  
get a Sheet of Paper to scribble on?  
And cou'd you hope to turn the  
Laugh upon him by an incoherent  
Rapsody of old Women's Sayings?  
Alas !

Alas ! how was you such a Fool-hardy Coxcomb as to risk the dipping of his Pen in Gall ? Is your Head so altogether *Leaden*, so entirely of *Kings* and *Bishops* Metal ? that you perceive not the elegant Language of *Terence* ; the poignant Ridicule of *Horace* ; and the manly Indignation of *Juvenal*, which runs through the incomparable Piece of Satyr you senselessly make free with ; or did the great *Candour* and *Indulgence* (the Nature and Aggravations of their Offence considered) with which he has treated the Right Reverend *Cannon* and *Archdeacon*, tempt you to presume, that a Man of his gentle Disposition, and superior Sweetness of Temper, would be inclined to despise, at least, if not pity, rather than expose an Enemy from a Triumph over whom so little Honour could be hoped for.

BUT



BUT I am not to answer for your fond Presumptions. 'Tis very well for you your Name is not known, yourself or *Family* else might yield the World some Diversion; born I make no question *obscurò loco et Familiâ parùm honestâ*, which makes you take so much Pains to keep behind the Curtain. This Faculty of Sculking, and Impudence to your Superiors, smells very strong of the *Dunghill*; and truly you may be very thankful if you fare no worse than your *Betters*. Nor is it less happy for the Fellow whose Name is in the Title-page, that the Stile and Matter of the Letter is manifestly below him. Cou'd he have been supposed Fool enough to have written it, nothing should have screen'd him; his Ruin had been inevitable; he should have found by Experience woeful

*That it is a dangerous Thing  
Indeed to anger Dr. K—.*

THE World had not best be found in giving it Countenance. The Dr. I would have them to know is perfectly well satisfied of his own entire Merit, notwithstanding the small Value others set on it. For what Argument against Merit in any Man is the World's Ingratitude, or Want of Judgment, in letting it go unrewarded? The Dr. is not to be made a Jest of, and he shan't be run down: He can make Reprisals, and will: Woe be to that Man, or that Set of Men who fall under his Lash; he has done himself *Justice* before now on a whole Nation at once. What tho' his Friends prevailed on him to burn it, 'twas a Satyr, I assure you, every way worthy his *great Self*. *Defendit numerus* is a Maxim long since exploded.



ploded. A Man of Spirit, and value what the World says of him! And a Wit too! O fie! a good Assurance and a Sacrifice or two properly chosen and served up with some Smartness, be the Charge never so true, will banter it off. Caution bespeaks Pusillanimity. The more Danger the more Honour. What, or whom, has he to be afraid of; who has the Art to give his Adversary the Fool's Cap? Who, I pray you, disputes the superior Talents of *Aristophanes*, notwithstanding the loud Pretences of his grave Antagonist to Justness, Delicacy, and Strength of Reasoning? An happy Knack at Ridicule is of itself sufficient to make a Man formidable, if he have but Courage to lay on thick; like *Marius*'s Darts it incommodes an Enemy as much or more than if it cut deeper. Put but the World into a Disquisition to be giggling, and the ge-

B

neral

neral Run will soon be ready to think *that every thing which is laught at, with any Mixture of Wit, is ridiculous in itself*; and can the Dr. get the Grin of his Side, he cares not a Rush what Offence it occasions. 'Tis the Part of the Vanquished to look to Consequences not his.

BUT really, Sir, you have taken up the Office of a Cenfor to fine Purpose. The Doctor, far from regarding what such a *Tool* as you says of his more than *Attic* Performance, is for ever reading it, and for ever admiring it: And prithee, Fellow, if you will needs attempt to be witty, learn of him *the Difference between Attic Irony, and Elegance of Wit*; and your intemperate *Scurri-lity, and illiberal Banter*.

WHAT a Rout is here about a little harmless Mirth? *I am called all*  
to

*to Pieces about it in all Companies!* But what should occasion this lamentable Outcry? Why, *in good Faith*, as the Clown in *Shakespear* says, *but a Trifle neither, if the Learned should speak Truth of it*; only a few innocent Jokes on dead *Kings* and live *Bishops*. The Doctor had a Mind to shew his *Wit*, and convince the World of his Skill in *the Latin Tongue*. You would not have had him prostitute his Pen, or cramp the Vivacity of his Genius: He is Master of a *courtly* Stile, which he fails not to improve with Plenty of *Attic* Seasoning. The more exalted the Station, the larger the Field for Wit: The more princely the Subject, the greater Room for Elegance. The polite *Sarcasms* of the Doctor had been ill bestowed on a Clown's Pate; and had founded as ridiculous, possibly, in vulgar

B 2

Ears,

Ears, as your Buffoonry at Court:  
 And what greater Offence, pray, in  
 jesting on one Part of the Body than  
 another? What Harm more in say-  
 ing a King hath a *leaden Head*,  
 than *Iron Sides*? Of the two a bad  
 Heart is worse than a bad Head,  
 and much more to be dreaded.  
 Our Ancestors took this Liberty un-  
 reproved, and why may not we?

BUT the sagacious Doctor wisely  
 foreseeing the Capriciousness of those  
 who might envy him the Reputa-  
 tion of his Wit and Learning, in-  
 terposeth a Caution in Favour of  
 \* *live* Kings, which sufficiently de-  
 monstrates the *tender* Sentiments he  
 hath for the *whole Race* of them at  
 once. To which he adds a Paren-  
 thesis big with Loyalty to his own

\* *Vivis neque uti scio neque abuti.*

Sove-

Sovereign, and expressive of † *such* a Regard as is not elsewhere to be met with, for his *sacred* Person and Dignity. Where now is the Hurt done ?

I WOULD fain know too, what Cause of Complaint our *mitred Heads* have against him : No one sure can think much of contributing his Part towards furnishing out a Comic Entertainment for the Instruction of the World in *Politeness* and Literature, especially in so much *good* Company : Besides, what is an Entertainment without a fashionable Dish or two ? Wit is thrown away on a Subject out of Vogue. The Mercurial Writers of the *Old Whigg* I dare answer for them (and theirs is the Region of *free Wit* and Po-

† *Uno nostro excepto, sanè bomine nullorum.*

*liteness)*



*litenefs*) can see more good Taste and happy Turn of Thought in the *smart Fling* the Doctor has at the \* *public Character* of these Gentlemen, than in all the *quaint* Affectation of your whole Letter.

IF he has been hard upon them in their private Capacities, 'tis their own Fault, and they may thank themselves for it: What had they to do to let their Tongues run against a Man of his known Abilities? To speak in your own Way, they have only a Kick for their Bite, have they? The Law of Retaliation is what most walk by in their own Case, however wisely they may look, and argue against it, when 'tis altered into that of another Person. Who among us will bear to be found Fault with,

\* Δ'ΕαΦον *Sacerdotii*.

that

that has it in Power, as well as Inclination, to revenge himself? Are the Gentlemen angry at being called Fools? Why then wou'd they be meddling? Are they disgusted at being set out as Time-Servers? Why do they espouse Principles manifestly obnoxious? Did not they know the Doctor's Way of Thinking? And by the good Leave of your ----  
*If this Man is to be made a Joke of, and that to be stigmatized, barely because they differ from us in Opinion or Principles; the Barriers of Virtue are laid flat at once: I would fain ask what Provocation deserves severer Punishment? Is it not an open Insult on the Judgment? And shall I ever forgive the Man who dares call my Understanding in Question, by presuming not to think exactly as I do? In the Heat of your Zeal, Sir, and perhaps through a Fondness to that pretty Sentence*  
 you

you might forget probably that you had a Man of Spirit to deal with : Recollect yourself against another Time, and learn once for all, that to *differ in Opinion* is to side with a contrary Party : That great Spirits never forgive, and but rarely overlook it ; and then but in Offenders they deem below their Notice.

DOES the Appellation of *Leaden Head* stick in your Stomach ? Don't lay that to the Doctor's Charge. He has only run the Rig a little upon it, which any Man might have done as *well* as he. If there is any thing extraordinary in it, 'tis to be imputed to a greater Hand.

BUT, grave Sir, you seem highly scandalized at the Doctor's not sticking closely to Truth, for all that sorrowful Countenance of yours. Is there no Indulgence to be given to Wit ?

Wit ? You wou'd not abridge him  
 the old Liberty *quidlibet Audendi* ?  
 Make your Rule universal and Ban-  
 ters out of Date. Why tho' should  
 you quarrel at a few poetical Licen-  
 ces ? Is it not allowable to take all  
 Advantages against an Enemy ? What  
 has Truth to do with Victory ? Am  
 I to cramp my Invention for fear of  
 straining my Veracity ? Such Hide-  
 bound Notions would soon starve our  
 Bookseller, as well as *ourselves*.——  
 Why must Wit and Truth be thus  
 incompatible ? Why ? because, as  
 the ingenious Mr. *Butler* tells the  
 Saints of his Times, of Grace and  
 moral Virtues ; they are

—————within  
*Prohibited Degrees of Kin.*  
 Therefore the Doctor disallows,  
*They shall be suffer'd to espouse.*

C

I N

IN one Word to attack the Doctor is to attack the united Elegance of *Rome* and *Athens*. Farther Defence of him would be tedious and unnecessary, therefore I shall only add the following Fable, which I hope you will have Sense enough to apply properly.

A Fox *out of Place* threatned the *Jackal* to write a Lampoon upon him; and at the same Time found means to inform him privately he might be *bought off*. The Jackal despised him, and the Satyr came out. The Compliments Reynard met with on the occasion from the Enemies of the Jackall quite turn'd his Head. He grew conceited of his Parts, was fond of being thought a Wit, called his Brethren *Asses*, and rail'd at, and abused, some of the chief of them. Nay Reynard, says the Jackal, as  
you



[ 19 ]

you daub your own Nest thus, I am  
not surpriz'd at your bespattering  
me. Oh Brother! say the Foxes,  
haven't we Foes enough already?  
Or will it lessen their Number to  
pull to pieces one another?

*I am,*

*May 4,*  
*1744.*

*S I R, &c.*



Φ.ΚΚ  
Howey  
10-16-41  
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[ 19 ]

You had your own self that I am  
not surprised at your departing  
me. Oh Brother! say the Times  
haven't we been enough already?  
Or will it be for their number to  
fall to pieces one another?

I am

33 212

